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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—II.

BY SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D., SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES (LONDON).

NEXT morning, ere the Vigilants were awake, I was on board the steam ferry-boat crossing Cape Fear River to the railway station. The passengers were in violent excitement. I heard the belief expressed that "the British must help them." "But why so, may I ask, sir?" "Well, Colonel, it's just because Cotton is King, you see, and a hint about that will be quite enough for you Britishers."

The railway ran through pine forests and jungle, swamps, clearings, over great rivers and marshes, on trestle bridges or causeways. At Nichols Station there was a custom-house—we had entered the State of South Carolina. I do not recollect what was dutiable, but I was not asked to pay anything. Towards evening we were speeding towards a glint of water north of Charleston. Cavalry horses were picketed in the fields, tents were visible in the woods, and troops were marching as if at drill on the meadows. A block-like building shimmered through the haze, rising island-like from the sea. Smoke curled upwards from an angle of the wall. "There's Sumter!" cried the passengers. "Hurrah for the Stars and Bars! There it floats sure enough!" Charleston was in high revelry—triumph on every face, and an immense clinking of sabres and clatter of spurs and steel.

At Mills House I was met by Mr. Sam Ward, who had arrived from Washington, and before the night was over I was introduced to Governor Manning, Porcher, Miles, Senator Chestnut, Colonel Lucas, General Beauregard, and to other prominent citizens and soldiers—a set of very fine, tall, handsome fellows generally, with the air of gentlemen, and I may say of

exulting gentlemen, for "they had driven the Yankees out of their harbor—forever."

I found General Beauregard at his headquarters, writing at a table, surrounded by officers in the new Southern Confederacy uniforms, a squarely built, lithe, active man of middle height, broad-chested and solid, with a keen well-cut face, very intelligent, but not very determined; a soldierly air and a look which reminded me of that of an old French friend, Colonel Cler, of the Zouaves, who fell in the Crimea. Among his maps and plans were bouquets of roses and geraniums and other flowers sent in by his admirers, and vases filled with the same flanked his dispatch boxes. He received me with perfect courtesy. When some one of those present asked me what I thought of the bombardment of Sumter, and I replied that "I had not seen it," Beauregard waved his hand and said, "Mr. Russell, you know, has seen the bombardment of Sebastopol!"

Around me were all the paraphernalia of an officer commanding troops in the field, aides-de-camp, staff officers, orderlies. Maps and charts hung on the wall, copies of general orders; and sentries were on duty. I thought of the politicians, Senators, Congressmen, and all the coteries whom I had left at Washington, so full of schemes of conciliation and compromise, without, as far as I could see, the smallest semblance of a military force to oppose this flagrant and buoyant rebellion.

Beauregard talked at his ease without reserve. He had not much sympathy, I thought, with the cavalier pretensions of the South Carolinians, and cared but little for their aspirations, but he believed religiously in the righteousness of secession and in the wickedness of the abolitionists.

This United States officer, educated at West Point, distinguished by his gallantry in the war with Mexico, had left his civil employment as an engineer to batter down the fortress over which the flag of the United States was floating. He had become at once one of the foremost figures in the Confederate States. What he might have been, had he won the battle of Shiloh or stopped and overwhelmed Sherman on his march to the sea, who can say? But what he actually subsided into was the presidency of a railway and the managership of a State lottery.

Beauregard had a family history, the annals of which went back to the year 1290, and here it is. "When Tider the

Young, who had headed a revolt of the Welsh against Edward I., was defeated, he fled to France, where he married Miss Lafayette, Maid of Honour to the sister of Philip the Fair, and where he was finally appointed to a post in Saintonge and died there. His son, to propitiate the King, changed the name of Tider into Toutank; gradually the letter 'k' was dropped, 't' was put in its place and the family became Toutant, to which Beauregard was added. In the time of Louis XIV. an ancestor of the General came to Louisiana as commandant of a flotilla. There he settled and married. His grandson, in 1808, married Miss De Reggio, who was a descendant of the Dukes of Reggio and Mortlemain and of the House of Este. The General's great-grandfather was the Royal Standard-bearer and First Justiciary of the crown in Louisiana."

No wonder Beauregard looked down upon the mere sugar-cane growers and cotton planters around him with aristocratic hauteur.

Before I took leave of General Beauregard I was introduced to Major (afterwards General) Whiting, of his staff, who was to devote himself to me for the following day that I might see Fort Sumter. I dined with a number of the gentlemen, whom I have already mentioned, at the Mills hotel. Men of intelligence, well informed, polished, the equals of the same class in any European society, they gave way to ridiculous "rodomontade." It was astonishing to hear a man like Governor Manning declare that "the South never could be conquered." "We will welcome the world in arms with hospitable hands to bloody graves!"

One of the party declared that his visit to Europe had been spoiled by his anger at seeing white men acting as servants! Even well-educated men who read much, as Beauregard did, could not understand the sympathy in England for those who were against "the domestic institution" of slavery. The uprising in the North was treated with ridicule. Beauregard admitted he was surprised, and old men like Huger and Pettigrew shook their heads at it. "It's a washy sort of enthusiasm got up by lecturing and spouting," said Beauregard. "It will not stand fire!" I thought of his words afterwards when he was commanding at Bull Run, and fighting at Shiloh!

I was ill-advised enough by my argumentative spirit to ask, "Do you think the French are brave?" "Certainly; what of

that?" "Do you think you will defend yourselves against invasion better than the French could?" "We certainly would make invasion by the Yankees a pretty bad business for them."

"Suppose they come with an enormous preponderance of men and material, would you not be forced to submit?"

"Never! The Yankees are cowardly rascals; we have kicked them and cuffed them till we are tired of it. Besides, John Bull would step in; we know him very well. He will make a fuss at first, but Cotton is King and John will come off his perch at once when he finds he can't get cotton." For some time I was obstinate enough to challenge propositions of the kind, but I soon discovered that I was something like a raw Methodist missionary preaching to a crowd of Mohammedans in a bazaar in India, or a Protestant fanatic declaiming before a select Roman Catholic audience in Ireland against the abomination of Popery. I was out of touch with that world.

Presently I heard a bell tolling from some neighboring steeple, and one of the guests, in reply to my question, said: "It's for the colored people to go home! The guards will arrest any of them found on the streets without passes in half an hour." I could not help an interrogatory: "Is it possible?" When I was in Natal, nearly twenty years afterwards, and saw the Zulus in Durban and Pietermaritzburg repairing to their quarters under similar regulations, I understood the necessity of a "Black Curfew Bell."

As we were standing in the veranda looking out on a clamorous crowd of officers and privates of the Palmetto State Army, Mr. Pettigrew said to me in a low voice, "Do you know your Aristophanes well?" I had to confess that I had only a slight bowing acquaintance with "The Frogs." "But, no doubt," continued he, "you recollect the passage in one of his plays where he tells us how the women of Athens, having a monopoly of value, resolved that they would rule the world. They had the monopoly, but they did not succeed for all that. These people with their cotton monopoly will find themselves, I fear, in a similar case."

The situation was so interesting that I remained at Charleston for nine days in daily intercourse with men engaged, as they said, "in making history for themselves." They already saw the word "Finis" written in letters of gold. They were fighting for their liberty, and it was of no consequence to them that they

were fighting also for the perpetuation of slavery, "which has a most respectable history of its own—an antiquity lost in the haze which shrouds the life of primeval man from our researches, and a vitality that all the forces of Christianity cannot destroy." The idea of holding white men in bondage would have appeared monstrous to the South, but it was nevertheless some sort of comfort to the planting interest to know that it was universal when the world was young and that Republics and Monarchies alike in ancient days were founded upon helots and serfs.

I was in the midst of a great uprising which practically meant a fight for slavery—rather, perhaps, a rebellion against a government which was opposed to the extension of slavery, but which had not yet attacked the "domestic institution" itself. The abstract principle of States rights including the power of a State to vote itself out of the Union, I did not understand; but it was becoming clear to me that the North was resolved to upset it by the sword, and that the sword must decide it right or wrong. At heart I was an abolitionist, but I could not doubt the sincerity of the men who asserted that slavery was a thing to die for, and that no Union was worth having that did not hold that faith.

A familiar object in shop windows in England some twenty-five years ago—I am writing of 1861—was the effigy of a negro in chains with the pathetic legend, "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" The practical answer to the question in the minds, if not in the mouths, of many Southerners was, "No! you are not!" I was presented in Charleston with a handsome quarto by Messrs. Gliddon & Nott, entitled *Types of Mankind*, the *raison d'être* of which was an elaborate attempt to show that the negro had no right to say "*Homo Sum*." On that rock the Confederacy was built. And strangely enough the slave States were all for free trade and against protection!

I visited Morris Island next day under the guidance of Major Whiting—a bright, indeed brilliant, young officer, a literary enthusiast—a ravenous reader—a worshipper of Thackeray; and far more inclined to talk to me of poets and novelists than of batteries and trenches.

The camps were filled with "Palmetto Eagles," "Davis Tigers," "Marion Guards," "Pickens Scorpions," etc. There was a sound of revelry in the tents, and wine crates, bottles and

cases of supplies outside—all to become unknown luxuries ere two years were out. When I asked whence all the guns and ammunition came from, one of the staff, with a wink and a smile, said, "They sprout up wonderfully. We had some good gardeners up North who produced a crop for us in case of need."

I escaped from the profuse hospitality of the camp and started off to Sumter, the bloodless bombardment of which was the prelude to one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times. There I made the acquaintance of Senator Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas. A very volcanic man, of the most daring courage—*impiger, iracundus*—in the thick of shot and shell at the height of the bombardment, when the fort was in flames, he put off in a skiff with a white handkerchief on his swordpoint, clambered up on the jetty, squeezed through an embrasure and dropped down before the astonished Federals with a demand for the surrender of the place! Would that I could propitiate his *manes* by a tardy but most sincere expression of regret that I caused him pain by ill-considered words!

Charleston volunteers were clearing away the rubbish and *débris* in the *terre plein* in a desultory fashion. "Why don't you employ your negroes at the work?" asked I, "instead of these gentlemen?" "Niggers are so stupid they would most likely blow themselves up, and then the State would have to pay the owners for them." "Then white men are not so valuable as niggers?" "Not always! That's a fact."

After a visit to the garrison we took our leave, but not until we had heard strongly worded complaints of the want of money. "Not a cent had officers or men got in the shape of pay."

As we were landing, guns were thundering from the forts and batteries to express the joy of Charleston at the formal Ordinance of Secession of the State of Virginia. I heard that evening, not for the first time, expressions in downright earnest, to all seeming, of a wish on the part of every guest for a union with England—anything rather than a reunion with New England. The wish cropped out of the deadly hate of the Yankee on the part of these fiery Carolinians. They had nothing in common with Sam Slick. "We are cavaliers; our names show our origin. Ashley, Cooper, Sumter, Pinckney, Charleston, and Carolina prove whence we came." Of Chestnut, Pickens, Rhett, Trenholm, Pringle, etc., they said nothing.

My last night at Charleston was spent at the house of Mr. Pettigrew, where I met General Beauregard, Judge King, Mr. Huger, Mrs. King, Mrs. Carson and other delightful gentlemen and ladies. The Southern women, charming as they were, I found more inveterate against the Black Republicans than the men. Many of the latter, indeed, were driven, I think, by the feminine vituperation to join the Confederate Army.

What stranger was ever admitted to the intimacy of the family of a Spaniard, a Greek, or an Oriental? What stranger was ever received as a friend, invited to the house and treated as a favored guest by any of these? In the South all were hospitable. I was told that even the Creoles of Louisiana and Alabama exhibited the same qualities in some measure. As far as my own experience goes, there is, or shall I say there was, no country in the world where such boundless hospitality existed as in the Southern States. I had been only three days in Charleston before I received invitations which would have occupied weeks, perhaps months, with possibilities of infinite expansion. I was taken on trust, very flattering to one's *amour-propre*. I was pledged to nearly every one for a visit. I do not suppose that anyone of these is now alive. Their children have long probably passed middle age. Happily none of them could understand the terrible anger of their forefathers with their fellows.

It was necessary to go northwards, but I was bound first to visit Mr. Pringle, on the Peedee River. The house, a large old-fashioned mansion of low-browed rooms, and the walls hung with portraits of early colonels, governors, and their lovely womankind, stood near the river. There was an excellent library, French and English classics, books of travels, history, and an interesting collection of *Memoires pour servir* of the last century. The dinner, cooked by negroes and served by negroes in livery, was excellent. The Madeira, stored up between the attic floor and the high-thatched roof and brought down with religious reverence, had been born before the century opened. The ancestors of these luxurious planters, improvident in most things, had been wise enough to bottle up Bual and Sercial before the demon *odium* corrupted their generous sources for ever. The general conversation after dinner was like that of country gentlemen over their wine about the time of the rebellion in Ireland. "Croppies" corresponded with Yankees. A sugges-

tion of mine that the negroes might rise against their masters was received with as much scorn as politeness would permit the company to express.

From Barnwell Island it was a short journey to Savannah, where I was the guest of Mr. Green. Savannah impressed me—a delightful, quaint city, spread out like a large Indian cantonment, with churches, detached houses, plantations, and gardens; open squares, fenced in by white rails; green swards, embellished with noble trees, magnolia, *Pride of India*, etc. Volunteers were drilling, bands playing in the stately avenues, where probably the Tatnalls, Oglethorpes, and pig-tail gentlemen sauntered in top boots in the old time ere there was any trouble about the rights of man or colonial jealousy of the old folks at home. Their descendants were now busy in preparing to resist an expected attack of American fellow-citizens, and General Lawton took me to see “the cartridge class” of his wife, who was engaged in making powder bags for cannon. The hall was filled with them, so were the parlors, and the General incidentally remarked that “it was not quite a safe place to smoke a cigar in.”

Commodore Tatnall, Colonel Taliaferro, and the General took me next day to visit Fort Pulaski, named after a Pole who was mortally wounded in the defence of Savannah against the British.

Society at Savannah was not quite so vehement as it was in Charleston, but at an inn near Macon the landlord rejected a piece of gold in payment of his bill and demanded a Confederate note. “I don’t want their stars and eagles,” he said; “I hate the sight of them!”

The train from Savannah to Montgomery was crowded with office seekers, contractors, place hunters, volunteers, civil and military. The conversation was mostly about politics, “Lincolnites,” “Black Republicans,” the wickedness of Northern politicians and their folly. I looked out of the window as much as I could, for the atmosphere in the carriage was heated and smoke-laden, and I was struck by the absence of “peasantry.” There were plenty of blacks, but not one white man did I see at work.

Montgomery was not then “much of a place,” but “Congress” sat in a pretentious building. The hotel was crowded to suffocation, three beds in a room and mattresses on the floor. Con-

gressmen, officers, and all were obliged to put up with what they could get. There were interesting men, filibusters and others, Howell Cobb, Wigfall, Pickett, Wheat, Henningsen, Calhoun, to talk to; "The Knights of the Golden Circle" convivial rather than chivalrous. Passing a slave auction, I was led into the Parliament chamber by Senator Wigfall just as the chaplain was evoking blessings on the arms of the Confederacy. The members, earnest, grave, stern-looking men, were eager to proceed to business. As I had a delegate's chair, I had been introduced to the "floor of the house." I was prepared for an interesting debate, when Mr. Howell Cobb thumped his desk and announced that "the House was going into secret session." So all strangers were obliged to leave, and accompanied by Mr. Wigfall, I went off to call on Mr. Davis.

The house in which the President lived was a modest villa, painted white, standing in a small garden. But we did not find the President at home, so we proceeded to the State Department, a large brick building, with the Confederate flag floating over it. On the first floor the words, "The President," were printed in bold characters on one of the doors. In a minute more I was in intimate conversation with the leader who, Mr. Gladstone said, "had made a nation," a slight, light figure of a man erect and straight, with a fine broad brow marked with innumerable wrinkles; regular features, eyes deep set, large and full, one partly covered with a film; thin and firm lips; chin square and resolute. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-colored tweed and his well-brushed hair and boots and neat attire offered a contrast to the appearance of Senator Wigfall and of the people crowding the passages. His manner was simple; his address rather formal; his face had a care-worn, haggard look, but his words were full of confidence. In the course of conversation in reference to some remark of mine he said: "Visitors to our country comment on the number of colonels and generals in the States. But the fact is, we are a military people and these strangers don't recognize the fact. We are the only people in the world where gentlemen go to a military academy to study and yet do not intend to follow the profession of arms." He was anxious to impress on me the aggressive character of the Northern States and government. "You see that we are driven to take up arms to defend our rights and liberties."

From the President's room I was passed on to "the Secretary for War," Mr. Walker, with whom I found General Beauregard and some Confederate officers. Mr. Walker, a lean, tall man, straight-haired, fiery-eyed, much given to tobacco, received me very affably and promised me a *passe partout* wherever the patriot troops were to be found. He was in high spirits. "Two more Sovereign States have joined us, making ten States in the Confederacy, Sir! Creation! Isn't it too bad these——Yankees won't let us go our own way, and keep their cursed Union to themselves? If they force us, I guess we will be obliged to drive them over the Susquehanna."

From the warlike Secretary, who was a lawyer, I passed on to the room of another lawyer who was his direct antithesis in manner and appearance, Mr. Benjamin, the Attorney-General of the Confederacy—a man who speedily attained a most extraordinary position at the bar in England after the war. Mr. Benjamin was a short, stout man with features of the Semitic cast; a full olive-colored face, lighted up by the most brilliant black eyes. He was lively and frank in manner, with great vivacity, and a very rapid utterance.

I had a curious experience in the Confederate capital that night. The Attorney-General had rubbed his hands with pleasure when he expatiated on the issue of letters of marque and reprisal as a consequence of the declaration of the state of war between the North and the Confederacy.

"Suppose, sir," said I, "the United States will not acknowledge your right and treat your privateers as pirates!"

"Sir," exclaimed Mr. Benjamin, "for every man under our flag whom the authorities of Lincoln dare to execute we shall hang two of their people."

"But England and the other great powers have abolished privateering."

"Yes! But the United States never accepted that condition of the Congress of Paris and the Confederate States are not bound by it. England cannot declare privateers under our flag to be pirates, for that would be a declaration of war against the Confederate States and England cannot afford that. You are coy about acknowledging a slave power. Our commissioners have gone on from England to Paris, but that will all come right soon."

There was a curious hitch, however, presently. The Assistant Secretary of State came to my room in great perplexity as I was going to bed.

"Neither Mr. Benjamin nor myself can find out the exact form for letters of marque and reprisal which we want for our privateers. You are a barrister and perhaps you may help us."

There were no books in the library to guide them, and it was a matter of importance to have the letters in order. I pleaded "*vafri inscitia juris*" as an excuse, though I might have objected to aid in my neutral quality in the levying of war *pro tanto*. Somehow or other, the difficulty was surmounted and various enterprising mariners went off a few days after with the necessary authority "to sink, burn, and destroy" the ships of the enemy.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, called by her friends "Queen Varina," had a reception next evening, and I was glad to make the acquaintance of a very gracious, ladylike woman of lively and engaging manners, and to see her unceremonious little court in the modest villa called the White House—not quite a rival to that in Washington. The society was rather heated. The report that a reward had been set on the head of the Confederate President (quite untrue, I believe) had "fired the Southern heart." Indeed, when I remarked that I did not believe the Federal government was capable of such an act, I was regarded with disfavor by the company, and I promptly incurred Queen Varina's censure. "Indeed, but we know they are." It was distressing to hear some of the refined, elegant women at the White House talking of what appeared to me a brutal attack on the Massachusetts regiment in passing through Baltimore, but it was the opinion of the ladies that the New England soldiers deserved worse than death for their conduct. They were glad, too, that the Yankee soldiers in the United States forts were being eaten alive by mosquitoes, they raged with indignation at the idea of the Yankees daring to blockade the James River and Hampton Roads, and they said evil things of General Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers." It reminded me of the man who spoke disrespectfully of the equator.

The night before I left Montgomery, I dined with Judah Benjamin and some gentlemen of New Orleans (Creoles). The conversation, more in French than in English, was confined to one topic. Mr. Benjamin walked with me to my hotel, and ap-

plied himself to press upon me that a blockade of the Southern ports was illegal, and that the English law officers must advise the British government to that effect. "It does no harm now," said he, "for all the cotton is shipped; but in October, when the Mississippi is bearing tens of thousands of bales, and all our wharves are piled up with it, the Yankees must come to grief." Many long years afterward I walked with Mr. Benjamin from a pleasant dinner party in Mayfair and reminded him of our conversation in Montgomery. "Ah, yes," he said, "I admit I was mistaken! I did not believe that your government would allow such misery to your operatives, such loss to your manufacturers, or that the people themselves would have borne it. And, let me tell you, though I have done now with politics, thank God! I consider your government made a frightful mistake which you may have occasion to rue hereafter."

Senator Wigfall, on the other hand, declared that Europe knew nothing of the South. "In England you only know of us through Northern writers! We are a primitive but a civilized people. We have no cities, we don't want them; we have no literature, we don't want it; we have no press, we are glad of it; we discuss public questions from the stump with our people. We have no shipping, no navy, we don't want them! Your ships carry our products, and your navy must protect them. We want no trading, mechanical, or manufacturing classes. Our rice, sugar, tobacco, and cotton enable us to purchase all we want from friendly nations; but we will never trade with the Yankees, never!"

Mr. Toombs, one of the pillars of the South, original, eloquent and earnest, an Anglomaniac in some respects, told me he considered our English policy "damnable." His only anxiety with regard to the coming war, which he looked upon as inevitable, was about the supply of gunpowder in the Southern States—a matter which troubled Wigfall, Rhett, Major Calhoun, Major Deas, Captain Ripley, and others; but Mr. Walker, the War Minister, seemed a very Gallio on that head. "Come back and see us when we have kicked the Yankees to —, and when our government is established in all its grandeur at Richmond!"

W. H. RUSSELL.

(To be Continued.)